

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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MY MADONNA.

I HALED me a woman from the street,
Shameless, but, oh, so fair!
I bade her sit in the model's seat
And I, ainted her sitting there.

I hid all trace of her heart unclean,
I painted a babe at her breast;
I painted her as she might have been
If the Worst had been the Best.

She laughed at my picture and went away.
Then came, with a knowing nod,
A connoisseur, and I heard him say:
"Tis Mary, the Mother of God."

So I painted a halo round her hair,
And I sold her and took my fee,
And she hangs in the church of St. Hilaire,
Where you and all may see.

—ROBERT W. SERVICE.

The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTUS.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

—BYRON.

S.J.B. WRITES from Childers, Q.: "The paper is as good as, or better than ever, and deserves all the increased circulation it is acquiring. May it continue to deserve and acquire in an ever-increasing ratio! I send you an armful of compliments for the excellent Ferrer Memorial number—it reflects great credit on the combination that produced it, and forms a high standard for future emulation. I trust you will be able to produce an equally meritorious number to celebrate the Commune. The average Australian worker badly needs enlightenment on this epochal manifestation of the class-consciousness of the future masters of modern society."

F.J.R. sends along an item which lets in some light as to the manner in which delivery of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST is delayed:

Went into the Brisbane G.P.O. and asked if there were any letters or papers. Quick and lively came the response: "No." Asked the officials to make sure! Quick came the response again: "No." Then informed them that a wire had been sent to Sydney for a parcel of papers to be delivered on Saturday. With a look of impatience, an official said: "Well, what about that?" "Well," I replied, "it's this way. It is THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST you are delaying, and they have been kicking up hell with Josh. Thomas, and they will kick up further hell if these papers are not delivered to-day." With a look, the postal man began to hunt around, and directed me to the enquiry counter, and in less than five minutes the parcel was forthcoming. Had I taken NO for answer, goodness know when they would have seen fit to give the papers up.

One of the musical selections at the business men's banquet to Mr. Wade was "Frog in a Puddle."

They might have kept personal reflections out at a time like that.

"Ajax": On a recent Saturday, at a Salvation Army meeting, held at Darlinghurst, an ex-Salvationist challenged the commanding officer to say if the Army was not a sweating concern. The official denied the charge point blank, and the questioner declares that he was subjected to some most unchristian abuse on the part of the members of the Christian organisation referred to.

The P.L.L.-ers in Broken Hill A.M.A. succeeded in turning down the motion to invite Peter Bowling to the Barrier; but their majority was very narrow—notwithstanding the way in which the wires were pulled from Sydney Trades Hall and Parliament House.

Glasgow Citizen has published an article alleging that the Australian Labor Party is opposed to immigration, and G. H. Reid has written a reply denying the charge.

Yet less than four years ago, when G. H. Reid stumped Australia, one of his stock charges against the Labor Party was this very one which Glasgow Citizen now repeats, and which Mr. Reid has written to say is untrue.

It was Shakespeare who wrote: "Get thee glass eyes, and like a scurvy politician seem to see the things thou dost not."

"Fifty men, including the general manager, of the Glamorgan colliery were imprisoned in the power-house, and held as hostages by the mob."—Cable item.

The people are always "the mob," in the eyes of those who enslave and rob them.

"The boilermakers' silent but determined repudiation of collective bargaining and conciliation affords even greater evidence of the breakdown of trade-unionism than the mad violence of the Welsh colliers," says the London Times.

Out of the break-down of trade-unionism will be built up Industrial Unionism—Socialist unionism—the sort of unionism that's not going to fight the employers over petty questions of higher or lower wages, but that is going to challenge the ownership of the land, mines, mills, factories, and workshops, etc.

Royalty lives and thrives on the superstition and stupidity that grow out of historic and economic ignorance.

The working class creates all wealth and pays all expenses of government, yet the working class is and always has been the lower class.—DENS.

"Inasmuch as Indians regard the Sovereign as a Deity, the King's visit would appeal to them, and destroy the seeds of discontent," said that staid journal, the Englishman.

Why, it would be easier to imagine Billy Hughes still swinging in his ancestral tree-tops than to think of a weak-eyed, ginger-whiskered, vacant-faced, diminutive chap as, say, the God of Battles or any other kind of old god.

In his Co-operator, Labor-member Catts, in a brief interval between his attacks on Sydney Labor Council and the Tramway Union, finds time to blow the frothiness of his wrath off at Peter Bowling. Peter didn't fall down on his face in the dust and give thanks to McGowen, Holman and Co. for his release. Peter is naughty. Peter didn't congratulate the strike-breaking, striker-jailing Labor Party on its victory. Peter "would have been well-advised" to have forgotten the treachery and cowardice of the Federal Attorney-General. Peter isn't the only pebble on the beach, etc.

And right on top of Brother Catts's caterwauling comes the announcement that Holman, Arthur Griffith, and all the rest of the Labor Cabinet, are satisfied that Stokes was justly jailed, and must remain where he is.

If one thing more than another betrays human degeneracy in certain quarters, it is the astounding hypocrisy of the Prescott-Stephens brand of parson over the Sunday refreshments question.

The only use the parson elegant seems to have for Providence is to bait a hook with him to land votes for the rotten and corrupt party of the robber class led (or dragged) by Mr. Gregory Wade.

Andy Kelly announces that the Labor Party will take a referendum to decide whether the Upper House shall be abolished or rendered elective. How they do climb downwards!

Thomas Garvin, Inspector General of Police, whose life has been devoted to protecting the economically-stolen wealth of the master class, is to have a whole year's holiday on full pay—about £2000; after which he is to retire on a pension of £1000 a year, or £20 a week.

Did the Labor Attorney-General ever hear of a useful honest working man retiring on a pension of £20 a week?

It must have been a resurrected Artemis-Ward who penned the Daily Telegraph's recent article on "Socialism and the Northern Territory." The whole thing was so stupidly, shriekingly, exaggeratedly, ridiculously, and impossibly funny—and reeked so much with the humor of the graveyard—from the first cap. S to the last note of interrogation.

Twenty-six Japanese (mostly Socialists) have been tried by a secret Court, and sentenced to death for being concerned in an alleged plot to assassinate the Emperor.

The Jap. authorities are getting more like Gregory Wade every day.

The Salvation Army's "self-denial" appeal in Australasia realised £39,350. "Whaffor?"

Strike-breaker Hughes has been, metaphorically speaking, laying King O'Malley across his knee; and in South Australia John Verran has been verbally spanking his Lib-Lab. Attorney-General Denny.

In view of the lying statements printed by Brisbane Courier, and the gutter-odored contents of that alleged newspaper, concerning the first meeting held in Brisbane by Denford and Riley, one might be pardoned for suspecting the Courier conductor of having designed on Judkins's job of mud-burrowing and filth-hawking.

It seems only the other day that Mr. T. M. Shakespeare was Labor candidate for Narrabri. To-day as secretary of the Country Press Association he's fighting the Typo Society, and pleading for a wage of £2 a week for country printers. But what right have Labor Leaguers to squeal at Shakespeare, while Labor Minister Trefle is an executive officer of the C.P.A.

The Mackay branch of the Waterside Workers Federation (bossed by strike-breaker Billy Hughes) has turned down A.L.F. organiser Frazer. The same concern, and its first cousin, the local eight-hours' show, also severely disapprove of Mackay Pioneer. What have Frazer and the Pioneer done to irritate the political snuffblasters who have captured the W.W.F. and the side shows?

At Quirindi, a man charged with horse-stealing was dragged before the court in prison garb! They had put him in prison dress before he was tried! And this under Labor Party rule, too.

There is something tragical in the cabled announcement that the strikers at Glamorgan Colliery, Wales, are keeping the pumps going in order to prevent the property of their masters from being ruined.

And the same masters are endeavoring to force them into submission by starving their children and women; and the military are being ordered out against them to meet the wishes of the masters.

It's a fool's game saving the boss's property when the boss is striving to kill you and your wives and children.

The Telegraph printed a cable message concerning what some "Christian Socials" of Vienna said in defence of the Pope, and headed it "Socialists and the Papacy."

A paper capable of describing the "Christian-Socials" as Socialists wouldn't hesitate to call Bill Mackay a Roman, or Jack Garland a G. Washington.

Troops have been ordered by the British Liberal Government to proceed at once to the scene of the strike disturbances in South Wales.

A rifle diet for the strikers is what is offered by the Government that contains John Burns.

Labor-member Minahan recently presided over and supported a movement of English, Chinese, Assyrian and other business men to demand that the Saturday half-holiday be abolished so far as Public's markets are concerned. Labor-member Meagher and Labor-aldermen Burke and Mallett also allowed their names to be used in connection with the gathering, and the incident has caused more hearts to break and more tears to fall than the death of Billy Hughes's poley cow was responsible for.

The reward of Judas: One Thomas Clarke, who scabbled on the U.L.U. during the Rundle-street, Adelaide, strike, told a reporter that he wanted to apologise for blacklegging; he "did it to oblige Mr. Woolf"; and when the strike was over the Woolf man flung him to the other wolves of unemployment and poverty. He hadn't got any of the thirty pieces subscribed by Adelaide's Fat Men to reward the "loyalty" of those who blacklegged; he was short of brass, couldn't get work, and wouldn't be such a fool again. People called "Scab" after him in the street and in the eating-houses—and even away in the country the finger of scorn was pointed at him.

What else could a man expect who was traitor to his class?

Mrs. Helen Barton seems to have come all the way from Glasgow just to teach her "grandmother to suck eggs."

J. J. O'Reilly (Broken Hill) writes to O. W. Jorgenson, literature secretary: "I must congratulate Sydney Party on the fighting character of their official organ. It is doing good here, and making converts to Revolutionary Unionism and Socialism. The branch here, when it gets properly going, will push the sale of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST. I recognise that it hits harder and more frequent than the speech-maker, and it is not likely to lose its punch."

A Childers subscriber writes: "My copy of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST bears a device, weird, and as unpleasant as it is unpicturesque. It takes the somewhat uncommon form of a red cross—mystic symbol of the Rosierucians; and, while it says nothing, is as implicative as the graceful gesture of a Parisienne. Now, as I have a congenital distaste for crosses in this life—or any other—let me evince my earnest desire to be unburdened of this one by enclosing herewith a propitiatory offering to the Providence of Goulburn-street, hoping to appease his wrath for the ensuing quarter."

Sidney Sun printed a most scandalously untrue statement concerning the editor of this paper in connection with Peter Bowling's reception, and then refused to print a letter sent in reply. The Sun alleged that its allegations were made on the authority of the Labor Council secretary, Kavanagh. If this is so, Ananias ought to be called upon to hand over to Mr. Kavanagh the belt awarded him for unsentimental prevarication. We suppose it was hardly to be expected that the political-opportunist minds of some Trades Hall people could possibly let even a demonstration of welcome to a man back from jail pass without some splenetic display of stupidity.

There is another U.L.U. strike at Adelaide, and the papers say it's likely to be serious.

Therefore, this paper confidently expects that John Verran will take it for a portent and a sign that the time is at hand when the stars of the elements will start tumbling about our ears and the moon be turned into liquified blood.

It is proposed to present the German emperor with a steam launch to mark the 25th anniversary of his reign.

Why not present him with a large and vigorous boot?

A man who in 25 short years could do all the mad things Wilhelm has been guilty of, deserves the boot more than he deserves anything else.

They say that Emperor William will never leave his bed after the results of next German elections have been posted.

The Federal Labor Party, notwithstanding its denunciation of Wade's abolition of trial by jury, now refuses, on the recommendation of Judge Herbert, to extend trial by jury to Papua.

Director of Labor Seley declares that "the country generally is in a sound and healthy condition, and that prospects continue good."

We always knew Mr. Seley was something of a humorist; but isn't this rather heavy?

Labor-member Dankel, of S.A., has been denouncing Peter Bowling because Peter said he didn't want the interference of politicians in strikes. Says Peter Bowling is an anarchist on that account.

Dankel's name ought to be Dampfool. After Renmark, and Port Pirie, and Rundle-street strike quite recently, to say nothing of the N.S.W. tram strike and the late coal strike, every man whose name isn't spelt that way should be in favor of chasing the Labor politician off the premises every time a strike is in progress.

N.S.W. State Labor Party announces that it will fight the Federal Labor Party over the question of State Rights, and a vigorous campaign is to be entered upon at once. Mr. Wade has pledged himself to stand behind Mr. McGowen in this matter.

Do the workers need anything else to open their eyes? A concern that calls itself a working-class party, and that can be split into warring factions over the question of State Rights, is rotting for the morgue.

To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. The more short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words. Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

When posting, leave ends open, and mark "Press Copy Only." A penny stamp will then be sufficient from any part of Australia. Address to "The Editor."

Every contribution must bear the writer's name—not necessarily for publication.

Friends and Members visiting THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST Office are urged to assist in getting business done with expedition. DON'T STAY TO TALK. We're always busy; and the delays we are subjected to in the daytime we have to make up for by working through the night hours.

Committee and General Meetings.

The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-st., Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—
Thursday, 7—S.F.A. Administrative Council.
Thursday, 8—Economic Class.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

A Red Mark

through this paragraph indicates that YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH NEXT ISSUE, and must be renewed within ten days from date of this issue if you wish the paper to continue. If your Subscription is not renewed within the time stated, the Executive will take it as an intimation that you wish to have the paper discontinued.

The Fatherhood of Labor is as wide as human suffering, and will not be bound by narrow racial or geographical lines.—A. M. SIMONS.

Stokes Damned by Holman.

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

ONE of the most extraordinary pronouncements yet made by a "Minister of the Crown," Labor or otherwise, is that of Mr. W. A. Holman in announcing his refusal—which is also that of the Labor Party—to release Walter Stokes from Parramatta Jail. In effect, Mr. Holman says that the "crime" for which Stokes was jailed was a most atrocious one, that he had already served several sentences for other offences, and that Judge Pring ONLY awarded him three years instead of the ten years which he might have given him. Mr. Holman is, therefore, of opinion that Mr. Stokes was justly jailed; and he is careful to state that the Cabinet unanimously endorses his attitude with regard to Stokes's case. Which means, of course, that Mr. Arthur Griffith, member for Sturt, also holds that Stokes was rightly jailed and that he deserves still to be held in jail.

A most dangerous precedent now laid down by Mr. Holman and the Labor Party is that if a man has suffered the vengeance of the class-made law for an offence he must be made to further suffer every time he appears on a fresh offence, even if the said "offence" arises out of an industrial war.

But, apart from this aspect of Mr. Holman's attitude, there is one still more grave. Stokes's prosecution arose out of a bitter struggle between the forces of Capital and Labor at Broken Hill. The capitalists had called to their assistance the Government of N.S.W., and an army of police was placed at their command. Of the brutalities committed by those police, culminating in an attack on the unionists' procession, so much has been written that it's not necessary to reproduce the details here. It is sufficient to recall that the police attack was interpreted into a riot on the part of the workers, and that Stokes was one of the 27 or 28 men arrested in connection with that event. How the man Wade set at defiance all methods of political decency; how he changed the venue of trial from Broken Hill to a place a thousand miles away; how the juries were manipulated and packed the same as in Peter Bowling's case;

how perjury was perpetrated by police witnesses on oath; how all the incidents surrounding those trials were redolent of class villainy, naked perjury, judicial savagery, and political corruption—all this is stale history. Through the murkiness of those shameful proceedings they dragged into the light of day Stokes's misfortunes as a boy. In a small way he had done what is done in a large way by the class to which belongs the medieval-minded Judge who sentenced him; and because he had suffered for what he had done Judge Pring sentenced him to an additional year's imprisonment. THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST insists that when a man fights with the forces of Industrialism and, fighting, falls captive in the enemy's hands, the working-class cannot stop to consider his past errors. Mr. Holman's own party reckoned Stokes good enough to be admitted as a member; the A.M.A. was satisfied to have him for a member; and, if he deserved the ten years' jail Mr. Holman infers he deserved, it does seem that something remains to be explained.

Mr. Holman says Stokes's crime was an atrocious one. The Combined Unions at Broken Hill; the individual unions at Broken Hill, including the A.M.A.; and the Socialists at Broken Hill, have all said Stokes was wrongly jailed—have all demanded his release; have all repudiated the idea that he was guilty of anything "atrocious." Mr. Holman and Mr. Griffith and the Labor Party declare by their pronouncement that all these unionists and Socialists are wrong. But the extremely unreliable police evidence only alleged that Stokes threw a stone, and it was not even charged that the stone hit anybody, and, as we have already said, there was sufficient diabolical perjury in all the Albury cases to warrant the rejection by fair-minded persons of every shred of police evidence—and, further, even if his guilt had been fully established, it was an offence for which the ordinary Sydney magistrate might have fined him five shillings with the option of imprisonment till the rising of the court. There was no attempt to hide the fact that participation in the industrial struggle was the "crime" for which Stokes was jailed.

Another extraordinary aspect of the Stokes case is this: After the release of this writer from Albury Jail, Mr. Arthur Griffith, in Parliament and in the daily press, commented on the fact that Stokes was kept in jail while Holland was released, and Mr. Griffith insinuated that this was due to some understanding between the Socialists and Wade. According to Mr. Holman, MR. GRIFFITH NOW HOLDS THAT STOKES WAS RIGHTLY JAILED, AND THAT WADE WAS RIGHT WHEN HE REFUSED TO RELEASE HIM. Mr. Griffith also declared that Mr. Holman is right in keeping Stokes in jail. The Socialists have always held that Stokes was unjustly imprisoned—have always demanded his release. What will the unionists of Broken Hill say to Mr. Griffith's new attitude?

When the West Sydney election was being fought, the Labor Party as a whole indignantly contrasted the manner in which Stokes had been kept in jail with the release of Holland, and each and all of them inferred this was because Holland was a Socialist announced to fight the Labor Party, while Stokes was a Labor Party supporter. At that time, of course, we knew all about Stokes's "record," but our lips were sealed, because we realised that to use vilification of that sort would be reprehensible in the extreme. If Labor party men were sincere in their utterances at that time, how utterly dishonest must they be now. Stokes belongs to

their party, not to ours. For vote-catching purposes they trumpeted his wrongs, and denounced the injustice of Wade in keeping him in jail. Now that one of their own men occupies Wade's position, they do exactly what they denounced Wade for doing. They reject every demand for Stokes's release; they justify the abominable methods that jailed him; they declare that the brutal sentence of three years inflicted on him was quite deserved—that if he had been given ten years it would not have been more than his case merited; and in doing this they brand as promulgators of lying every union and every unionist, every Labor League and every Labor Leaguer, every Socialist Party and every Socialist, who denounced Stokes's imprisonment. And this hypocritical denunciation of Stokes—this raking up of the details of Stokes's earlier misfortunes—is done by a man who was himself, sentenced to two years' hard labor for "conspiring to defraud," and the fact that he escaped on the flimsiest legal technicality, followed up with political pressure which averted a second prosecution, might have locked his cruel tongue against the infamous besmirching of a man lying helpless inside prison walls.

Probably the influences brought to bear to compel Mr. Holman's decision in the Stokes case will never be known; if there are secret papers affecting the case, doubtless they will go the way of the secret police reports concerning the jury in the Bowling case; but the fact will remain that the Labor Government has placed on record its official condonation and approval of one of the vilest judicial crimes yet perpetrated, and has at the same time furnished staggering proof of the oft-repeated assertion of the International Socialists that the line that divides the Labor Party from the Leg-irons Party is faint to the point of invisibility.

He Had Not Where to Lay His Head

BY RADIIUM.

In a recent issue of *S. M. Herald*, there appeared a par. intimating that the house of his Grace, Archbishop Wright, at Woolloomooloo—no, beg pardon, at Randwick, had been sold, and a new residence had been bought for his Grace at Waterloo—no, no, at Darling Point, on the shores of "our" beautiful harbor, at a cost of £6,750! (Reads like first prize in one of Tattersall's special sweeps, doesn't it?) His Grace's new home, says the *Herald*, "is surrounded by 2½ acres of gardens and lawns, and will provide a quiet retreat for study and relaxation." Relaxation! How his Grace must need relaxation after driving home in a modern £1400 motor car, after a strenuous day's toil involving an exciting tug-of-war with his brother-bishops and fellow-preachers and subordinates as to whether parson men might wear swimming costumes, or embroidery on their trousers, or "hot" socks, or loud vests, or any other old thing that doesn't interest the workers. Unfortunate Archbishop! we do sympathise with him. His pay only amounts to £7 a day—about equal to the wages of 14 useful wharf laborers. No wonder he requires relaxation and a quiet place to study in—to study how, in the interests of a USELESS class, to exhort the useful workers that their duty is to be contented in that station in life in which it has pleased God to place them, while they are being robbed by the preacher's class. How they do libel their God, these parsons and bishops and arch-bishops! But, somehow or other, one can't think of His Grace's mansion and gardens and lawns and relaxation plots and motor car and £7 a day without the dawning of a dim recollection of having read somewhere, sometime, of Someone "who had not where to lay his head."

Will You Lead the Van?

BY F. J. RILEY, NEWCASTLE.

It is a lie—just that, a lie—to declare that wages are the worth of work. No; they are what the employer wills to spare. To let the employee sheer starvation shirk. They're the life pittance Competition leaves. The least for which brother'll slay brother! He who the fruits of this hell-strife receives, He is a thief, an assassin, and none other. —FRANCIS ADAMS.

I write as one unemployed army, tramping from colliery to colliery asking permission to work that I may live, that I may be allowed to earn wages which if I work full time will allow me to barely subsist.

The irony of it is to think that I can work, am willing to work, and am not allowed to, because there is no work for me (for that is what the colliery managers say). I, one of the working class that does all that stands for progress in the world, am not allowed to exert my manhood to make this globe a little better for those who may follow me.

In the clash and din of the election I have read on all sides of the great things done for the workers, yet here in Newcastle there are hundreds of workers who hardly know what it is to get a full pay—aye, hundreds have to be satisfied with less than two days work per week. This state of affairs exists in the district where the Dean of the Church of England (who is paid £600 a year to say it) stated the workers drink and gamble all their earnings. Picture the riotous times men who work on an average two days a week would have, and what good times those that cannot get work are having.

During the past few months the politician has been appealing to the honest worker to vote for him: Honest worker (well-worn election phrase!), what satisfaction has he? Only to know after he has worked hard enough to break down his health that there is another wage-slave ready and willing to fill his place—to know if things become slack he will be told his services are no longer required—to know when he looks for work he will find thousands of derelicts like himself who have been flung on the human scrap-heap—that if a cheaper and faster piece of machinery can be installed in his stead it will be done in spite of all his protestations.

What, then, is the satisfaction in honest labor under the present system? A fortune for those that own the honest work, and starvation for the poor wretch who is bought to do it.

The lying politician knows this, but he depends upon the gullibility of the worker to slide over his back into a comfortable parliamentary position.

It is time the worker began to study the question himself instead of listening to the parliamentary platitudes of capitalism.

The workers can and do create many times more wealth than they at present get. Under the wages system, after a worker has produced a certain quantity of commodities, he is paid back, in the form of money, wages that equal an amount of commodities which allows him to subsist. This is the rate of wage that the wages board sits to determine. Instead of getting the full results of his labor the worker only gets a bare living. All over and above the living wage which the Labor politician so proudly skates about goes to the capitalist who owns the means whereby the commodities are produced.

If the worker demands a greater part of that which he produces than he is at present getting, it necessarily means that the capitalist will get less, and *vice versa*. At this point, class interests clash; the capitalist wants more of the product of the worker, and the worker on the other hand wants more of the product of his own labor.

Parliamentarianism as the Labor and Liberal parties understand it under present circumstances is entirely useless to help the workers in this fight.

Craft unions are so bound with legal agreements that they are powerless to keep pace with capitalist organisation. The worker under the present improved means of production is relatively worse off than he was a score of years ago. His wages may have risen 10 to 15 per cent., but, without taking into consideration the increased cost of living, the productivity of machinery has increased from 20 to 30 per cent. How then is working class organisation not only going to keep pace but get past capitalistic organisation?

By revolutionary organisation on both the industrial and political field—by unionism which aims at the overthrow of the capitalist system, and by politics which also aims at the overthrow of the capitalist system.

The craft union motto is: A fair day's wage for a fair day's work. The revolutionary unionist's motto is: Abolish the wages system, and give to those who produce collectively the results of their collective labor.

It is a long stride between craft and industrial organisation, yet here in the Newcastle district a snare system of organisation must supersede that which is at present in vogue.

Will you lead the van in that movement which the capitalist class the world over is learning to fear—the Industrial Union which declares that an injury to one is an injury to all?—16.10.10.

Machine Production.

BY J. MACMURDO.

"THE Standard Oil Company or the Steel Trust are the owners of their employees almost to the same extent as they are owners of their mills and machinery, so subservient has modern labor become to the fixed capital under which it works."

Such are the true words uttered by J. A. Hobson, an impartial English economist in his "Evolution of Modern Capitalism." These remarks, which only apply to one or two industries, bear out the words of John Stuart Mill: "It is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being."

Man thought Liberty was won when the Revolution overturned the despotic monarchical system of France. He thought the human race was free when the American slave states were compelled to liberate their human machinery; but he was ignorant of the gradual enslaving tentacles of an infinitely worse physical and mental manacle of life, of liberty, and of hope, in the machines which he made and tended. Astounding though it may seem, the human race, which invented the wonderful and complex machines of our civilisation for its own benefit, has become the slave of the creations of its own mind. Instead of ennobling, enlightening and uplifting its makers and users, the modern machine has become the spider of the allegory and is sucking the life's blood out of its helpless victims. Why is it that the machine which has lightened the physical burden of mankind to such a vast extent, which has turned out more and finer material at a cheaper rate than was possible previously by the hand method, has yet made the conditions of the working class far worse than before? Why is it that the machine, with the aid of Science, has enabled us to store and preserve in vast quantities the materials of our existence, and yet there are thousands of poor wretches in every country suffering from the pangs of want? Why is it that with our vast store of educational knowledge, and speedy means of application, the working class is absolutely ignorant of any scientific, historical, and economical knowledge? The poverty, misery, crime, vice and ignorance of our 20th century civilisation are only the effects of a fundamental cause. What is that cause which is so powerful that it drives away the twinkle from merry eyes, and stills the happy childish prattle of innocence, and substitutes in its place the gaunt and haggard face of misery and the wail of famished lips? What induced the poet, after seeing Millet's famous picture, to write:—

Who made him dead to rapture and despair—
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a being to the ox.

The root cause of all this civilised savagery can be summed up in the one line: "The private ownership of the means of production."

The growth of our present moral and legal slavery to the creatures of our own minds is a long story, but the following outline is sufficient to give the reader an idea of the growth of machine production. To obtain a better idea of the subject, read Socialist literature on this question. Only as recent as the 17th century the machines that are our daily companions were unknown. In those days all work was performed by hand, with the aid of a few small tools, which afterwards grew into the enemies of their wielders. The apprentice had the opportunity of becoming a master, and a master of those days was more of a father than an overseer. Naturally, as these workers owned their own tools, they were their own masters, and they received the full product of their labor. Their small hand tools gradually became enlarged, and in time became too unwieldy to carry about, or work at home, so a special building was provided to hold them, and the workers left their homes to attend the machine. As machinery was improved, the master found it more economical to divide the labor of his men, and so has come about the specialisation of various branches of a trade that rivetted the chains of the worker's slavery more firmly together, for now he was not independent and capable of going anywhere with a complete knowledge of his calling. He knew only one portion of his trade. He had become a cog in the wheels of the machine he tended.

The beginning of our present machine system did not really start till 1750, when in that year Kaye of Bury invented the fly-shuttle. Then, with startling rapidity, invention after invention increased the powers of the machines to an enormous extent. Hargreaves' invention of the spinning jenny in 1767 was rapidly followed by Arkwright's spinning-frame (1769), Crompton's mule-jenny (1775), Cartwright's power-loom (1784), the first application of steam in 1785, the invention of the steam-hammer of Nasmyth, the Bessemer steel process, and thousands of smaller inventions and improvements that revolutionised the whole system of society and ushered in the present factory system and complete machine domination of the workers.

The ignorant workers in the mills attributed their bad lot to the inventions; and they went about the country destroying the

machines. The misery and starvation of this period was appalling. Men and women workers were dismissed wholesale—dismissed in thousands, to be supplanted by boys and girls of 5 years and upwards. These children were worked 16, 18, or more hours at a stretch, till, young in years but old in suffering, they prayed for death as a relief. Traffic in children was a regular and systematic trade, and was conducted by middlemen who kept children in dark cellars till manufacturers examined them. One relay of children rose from their beds as another relay took their place; while they slept together, regardless of sex, in beds where vice, disease, and death grew rank. Young women, if suspected of an intention to run away, had irons rivetted to their ankles, and had to sleep with them on. Punishment was so frequently administered that many deaths resulted from it.

The great Robert Owen found in Lanark mills 500 children, aged from 5 to 10 years working 14 or more hours a day. It was actually admitted in the House of Commons on June 6th, 1815, that children had been put up for auction with property!

In the midst of all these horrors, the country was agitating for the abolition of the negro slave trade. The negro slaves were working less hours (under law) than the white slaves! And this infamous list of bloody outrages occurred in the country where "Britons never shall be slaves!" It was due directly to machines being in the possession of private enterprise and worked for profit.

What were the great Christian churches doing while these horrors took place? History records nothing but silence on their part, and in fact a few ministers of the gospel, with political economists and capitalists, declared in 1832 that the necessary time of labor for a child under twelve years, was twelve hours a day! (Vide Karl Marx, "Value, Price, and Profit"). No wonder the worker is beginning to look with aversion at the churches.

Machines have since then grown to such an extent, and consequently have placed a larger amount of capital at the disposal of the owners, that in the words of Scherger, an American Jurist, in his "Evolution of Modern Liberty": "The great aggregation of wealth in the hands of a few individuals has made these great capitalists masters over the destinies of millions, who are dependent upon them to a larger degree than the subjects of any despot are upon their ruler." These capitalists, who obtained their wealth from the workers IMMORALLY, own the lives of the workers, for the worker, to live, must sell his labor power to the man who owns the tools of production, or the land, and must humbly crawl on his knees to the master appealing for the right to live. The parasitic capitalist is tolerated to-day because he has been enabled to buy the contemptible politician and parson, and controls all avenues of information. His dupes made the Law; made immorality moral, made robbery honest, and the fool worker at the present day ignorantly mumbles his stereotyped respect for "law and order."

The machine dominates every aspect of our life to-day, and under the control of individual persons, it is wielded in the best interests of the exploiting class. Apart from actual inventions, improvements in existing machines mean the throwing out of employment of a few more workers who go to swell the great reserve army of unemployed labor, to be used by the Capitalists, and to seal on their class in times of industrial turmoil. Every demand of the workers for an increased price for their labor power compels the manufacturer to encourage new inventions or improvements that will more than make up the lesser profits, due to the demands of organized labor. Where labor is cheap and plentiful, as in China and India, machinery is very little used. Where labor is dear, whether scarce or not, the machines discard a large amount of employable labor, and act as human agents. Winwood Reade, in "The Martyrdom of Man," says: "No useful invention can be introduced without some branch of industry being killed, and hundreds of worthy men being cast, without an occupation, on the world."

An argument that I have heard is that new inventions open up new avenues of employment. In a sense this is true, but taken in the main it is a fallacy, for an invention would never be adopted if it did not displace a larger amount of human labor, and do the work cheaper. For two 25 men, we will say, who make the new machine, over 100 are displaced in one or several industries. We must continually keep in mind that machines are only adopted under present conditions because they produce a larger amount of profits than hand labor. As a result of the machine's vast productive powers, we see the anomaly, in times of commercial crises, of warehouses and granaries being chock-full of goods, unable to find purchasers, while thousands of human beings are looking for sufficient food and clothing to keep themselves alive. Our canting politicians, capitalists, economists, and theologians, declaim against the curse of overproduction at these ever-recurring crises, being quite unable to see that the very cause of the "overproduction" increases the ranks of the worst paid class, and brings in its train misery and want, due to the

tightening of the money market. I agree with Hobson that our cycle of commercial crises is due not to overproduction, but to UNDERCONSUMPTION. It is true that we have too many machines and factories, that an enormous waste goes on in this direction, but the fact remains nevertheless that if these factories were socially-owned, the necessities and comforts of life would be enjoyed by those who produced them.

The Capitalist Class, as history shows, has no moral right to the wealth which it did not create. Labor produces wealth with the aid of previously-stored capital, but to obtain access to this capital, it has to sell its birth-right, its liberty and happiness, to a selfish few. About 95 per cent. of the people stand in terror and dread of the other 5 per cent., who have created a system of physical and mental slavery that impels the average individual to die for his master rather than to violently deposit his master on his auricular organ. Lombroso must have had this in mind when he said: "The ignorant man always adores what he cannot understand." Let those who read this paper study Socialist literature, and they will eventually adore what is morally right and just, and the respect for their class will awaken them to a sense of their duty to their class, and impel them to become fighters in the ranks of the Revolutionary Socialists.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

South Australia.

The party propaganda work is going strong, the out-door meetings still drawing large audiences.

On Sunday in the Botanic Park, comrade Walker dealt trenchantly and clearly with some objections to Socialism raised by a member of the Labor Party, Mr. F. Riley.

The sales of literature were splendid, and the papers sold out so rapidly that many who desired to buy a copy were disappointed.—11.11.10.

Broken Hill.

The meeting of the branch last Sunday was very important, and things went along splendidly. The following motion was carried: "That this meeting emphatically protests against the continued imprisonment of Walter Stokes, who was the victim of the class savagery of Wade and Pring, and demands from the alleged working-class Government his immediate release."—11.11.10.

Riley and Denford's Wanderings.

BY F.J.H.

We have had a little more than a week here. Brisbane has had a propaganda party, which has gone defunct through having no outlet by which they could make themselves felt, on account of lack of speakers.

We held real good meetings last Saturday and Sunday week. On Sunday evening the police stopped the meeting, and said we would have to get a permit for open-air meetings.

We applied for permit and got it, but the permit we received was tantamount to a refusal. It shoved us right down in a back street. We started speaking in the main street, but were soon told to go where our permit allowed us to speak. Well, of course, we went, and held a fairly successful meeting. Comrade Andersen (Gus Andersen's brother) assisted us. This was on Saturday evening. Previous to this, Friday (they have early closing here and the shops are open on Friday nights), we tried to hold a meeting, and were blocked. The Brisbane Courier came out with a scurrilous attack on us. Of course this only goes to show that the movement here would soon make itself felt.

We are now going north.—6.11.10.

Sydney Jottings.

On Monday evening J. R. Wilson spoke before the Unive City Socialist Club on Revolutionary Socialism. A report will appear in next issue.

This Saturday evening H. E. Holland will deliver an address at Lithgow on "Revolutionary Socialism and Industrial Unionism." Sunday afternoon he will speak in Lithgow Park on "The Chicago Martyrs." These meetings were arranged by a local committee.

Our blind comrade, J. H. Corbett, would be pleased if any friend would lend him the *Free-thinker* weekly. He finds he cannot purloin it at paper in Sydney.

Sunday's Domain meeting was a big success. Rutherford, Mrs. Harris, Wilson, and Holland spoke, the latter delivering a special address on the *Chien o Martyrs*.

Socialists and friends are invited to attend economic class on Thursday nights.

Party general meeting next Tuesday evening. All members urged to attend.

On Sunday night Slade and Wilson spoke at Martin Place. The speakers at Goulburn-street were Hirst and Rutherford. This meeting was again stopped by the police, and the speakers adjourned to Bathurst-street, where they finished their meeting without further interference.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. H. Corbett, Sydney; MAX; THE SLAVE—Next week.
D.T. Mackay.—"Encyclopaedia" forwarded.
W.M.T., Broken Hill.—Literature forwarded.
W.R., Barron Jack; E.V.C., Broken Hill; C.C., Port Pirie; W.T., Port Kembla; W. and W., Moree.—Received.

Broken Hill Doings.

BY A REVOLUTIONARY.

On Tuesday night last the A.M.A. meeting was somewhat lively through the bullying attitude of the president towards the revolutionary section. When the Executive reported having received a communication from Beely, Minister for Labor, intimating that he intended visiting industrial centres for the purpose of collecting evidence in order to amend the Industrial Disputes Act and anticipated visiting the Hill, and asking the A.M.A. executive to meet him in conference, the simpletons kindly consented to meet the strike-breaker. Mr. Beely is the lawyer-politician who so unreservedly condemned the Broken Hill workers for fighting against the recent attempt to reduce wages. When this report came before the members several questions were asked by the "Reds" on compulsory arbitration. The president became very wrath, undoubtedly lacking economic knowledge and mental capacity to answer the questions. He got up and hurled insulting epithets at the Socialists. "These madmen," "Red-tie mob," etc! The president, by the way, is Sid. Robinson. Through the bitter and strenuous industrial war here he denounced the treachery of the Labor Party over the Broken Hill Lockout, but to-day stands "nobbed" by Labor Party politicians.

The recommendation from the Combined Unions re inviting Peter Bowling to Broken Hill caused a heated debate between the Socialists and the P.L.L.-ers.

A strong wave of reaction has swept across Broken Hill; and a man of the Bowling type would instruct the weak-minded P.L.L.-ers that this Labor Party which they place their faith in to better their material condition at the end of the year is not a party of the working-class, but of the middle class, prepared to sacrifice the working class in the interests of the middle class at all times. The recommendation was rejected by a narrow majority.—4.11.10.

A large mass meeting of the A.M.A. was held on Sunday for the purpose of recommending the claims to be put before the mine managers at the end of the year. It was decided to ask for 9s as the minimum wage for truckers and surface hands and 10s for miners. A long discussion eventuated on the hours, and finally it was decided to fight for 44 hours a week. A resolution was moved demanding the release of Stokes, but was knocked out by the go-slow element. They thought it was very wrong to demand from their servants; therefore, they carried the following amendment: "That the Labor Party be wired to urging them to immediately release Stokes, who was imprisoned during the Broken Hill lockout."

A drastic resolution on Majah Crane read: "That this meeting emphatically protests against the vindictive sentences recently imposed on Broken Hill citizens by the presiding magistrate, Major Crane, better known as a tyrant and despot, and demands from the Attorney-General his immediate withdrawal from the Bench."

Nulty opposed this, and moved an amendment that the word "urge" be inserted instead of "demand," and this was carried.

The Labor Party element is almost comical in the concern it displays whenever it is proposed to DEMAND that the Labor Party shall obey the wishes of the workers.—7.11.10.

Capitalism's Trail of Blood.

Or, The Dignity of Labor.

For if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! we have paid it in full.

D. FARRAN, carpenter, fell from a scaffolding at Tooth's new premises in Balfour-street, Sydney, and was killed.

William Curtin, jockey, was thrown from a horse at East St. Kilda, Vic., and killed.

G. Bischoff, railway employee, was crushed between railway trucks at Armidale, death resulting.

Albert Richards, crushed by a fall of earth in the South Mine, Broken Hill, on October 12, died on Friday of last week.

John Carroll, employed on road-work at Tamworth, was thrown from his cart and killed.

J. Baillie, while working on the wharf at Wellington, N.Z., became entangled in the ropes of an hydraulic capstan, and was killed instantly.

A. Ford, nightman, employed by Grafton Council, fell under the wheel of his cart, and was crushed to death.

J. Tresize, 16, was killed while riding Cheviote (who fell) in the Nursery Handicap at Newcastle on Saturday. Another rider, Blatchford, was seriously injured. Tresize was a nephew of Mrs. H. B. Holland.

Thos. Boyes, wharf-laborer, was killed while working on the steamer *Ayrshire* at Brisbane on Tuesday.

L. McKay, jockey, fell from a racing pony at Kensington, and had his skull fractured.

In Vindication of Joseph McCabe.

BY P. W. MONTGOMERY.

THE author of a recently-issued book ("Evolution Exploded") with characteristic Christian charitableness, vilifies Joseph McCabe, one of the world's most intellectual men. Mr. McCabe numbers amongst his personal friends in almost every country in the world the greatest scientists and writers of the present day, many of whom support his presentation of the history of Evolution either wholly or in part. But what are the world's scientists as against the Commonwealth Christian Endeavorers?

I propose to marshal certain facts for the enlightenment of these same Endeavorers and Explosionists.

Now, since the exploder of Evolution designates himself a Christian, it is probable that he would not question the authority of Genesis. Does he know that not only the English Higher Critics, such as Canon Cheyne and the Encyclopædia Biblica, but also theological opponents of the Higher Critics, such as Archdeacon Wilson and Mr. Sayce, fully admit that Genesis is a late compilation of legends gathered from older "pagan" nations.

Modern scholarship has clearly traced the very childish story of the Garden of Eden to the Babylonian religion. The same story is found in the religions of the ancient Egyptians, Persians, Hindoos, Greeks, Germans, and Mexicans. Dr. Farrar, the Dean of Canterbury, may be taken as a fairly typical representative of orthodoxy; yet here are some of his admissions, made in an essay on "The Literature of Religious Criticism," which he contributed to a popular publication:

It is no longer disputable that the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua are composed of composite (that is, patchwork) documents. It may now be regarded as indisputable that Isaiah and Zechariah were each composed by at least two writers, one of whom wrote at a considerably later period than the other.

It is now no longer disputable that Deuteronomy was not known as a whole till the age of Josiah; that the Epistle to the Hebrews was not written by St. Paul; that the text about the three heavenly witnesses (John v. 7-8) is spurious; that as to the Book of Daniel, even the most conservative theologians are beginning to see that the old positions are entirely untenable.

Want of space, however, prevents too much citation. The Higher Criticism and phases of the Christian Faith may be fully treated in a future contribution.

In January, 1907, the Rev. R. J. Campbell caused a great sensation in England when, preaching at the City Temple, London, he declared that the story of the Fall was untrue.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science, by almost unanimous vote, declared Adam and Eve to be myths (vide report of Association, May 29th, 1901).

How long will the Clergy ignore the sayings and doings of the men of science?

On the 4th of September, the Archbishop of York (the Right Rev. Dr. Lang) preached before the British Association of Science at Sheffield on the Relation of Science to Religion, and, *inter alia*, made the very remarkable statement that "Religion was recognising its limitations, and was abandoning its claim to prescribe the methods of God in governing the world." This appeared in the daily papers of the early part of last month.

Now, the whole intellectual fabric of Christianity rests upon the dogma of the Fall, for without a Fall there is no Redemption, and the whole meaning of the Pauline system is vain. The words of St. Paul—who

was the first inventor of the Christian dogma, or, at any rate the first by whom it was elaborated into a complete theory—are: "For in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Now, Science proves that man is the result of a slow natural development that has been taking place on the earth for many thousands of years, and that Adam and Eve never existed save in the imagination of primitive people.

Every man in his development proves that he has ascended from the lower animals. The human embryo before birth passes through stages of development when it has gills like a fish, a tail, great toes, a body covered with hair, and a brain like that of a monkey. Every one acquainted with the merest elements of the science of Embryology knows these facts, which would only be denied by uninformed religious fanatics clinging to the dogmas of an obsolescent form of belief and shutting their eyes to the truth.

Every man, whether, king, priest, or peasant, has passed through stages of development that epitomise an enormously-long geological history. The presence of such rudimentary structures as the pineal gland (Descartes's supposed seat of the soul) is sufficient of itself to establish the fact of evolution, for these can be explained in no other way than as by-products of a long process of adjustment and adaptation.

The human body is a museum of antiquities.

The rudimentary hair on our bodies is the relic of our hairy coat. Rudimentary mammary glands occur normally in the adult male; sometimes there are reversions to a higher number than two. Man has not a bone or an organ which is not found in animals, and in the composition, structure, and function of his organs, man is exactly like other animals. Both are composed of the same materials, possess the same physical parts, and are subject to the same laws of life and death.

Dr. G. L. Duprat, Professor of the University of Lyons, France, stated that "the abyss which, through the ignorance of man, was placed between him and the brute-world does not exist."

Professor Huxley has shown that, down to the most minute microscopic details, the brain and nervous system of a dog or of an ape do not differ from those of the human subject.

Rudimentary tail-bones occur in extant birds (birds originally had long reptilian tails), in man, and in the tailless apes.

A slow reduction has been going on since the age of the reptiles in the number of ribs—in ourselves the eleventh and twelfth are rudimentary.

Everyone is familiar with the leg-bones of whales reduced to the size of a finger and buried beneath the skin.

All extant birds have lost their teeth, and serpents have only one lung left; the other has been crowded out by their peculiar shape, although it persists as a rudiment.

Parallel rudiments and disappearances are found in plants.

These are but very few of the facts that have been recorded—evolutionary facts that have been "exploded" by the astounding intellectual dynamics of the man of the Christian Endeavorers.

Tennyson, who has been called the Poet of Modern Thought, writes of a school:

Where blind and naked ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments unashamed
On all things all day long.

We all know that Australia, on account of its isolation, has retained certain types of animal life which have long ago disappeared from other countries, but it was not suspected until recently that it would see the advent of the person, who with ego-

tism and "christian" conceit would have the audacity to claim that he "exploded" that which is taught in all the great seats of learning of the world, being applicable to every department of human inquiry, and discoverable throughout the whole range of natural phenomena from the amoeba of a wayside pond to the whirling orbs of fire separated by the awful abysses of infinite space.

A Word for the Anarchists.

BY RATIONALIST.

THE *Sydney Morning Herald* of October 22 published a leader on "Tolstoi and his message," and it was interesting to note how very careful the writer of this appreciation was to avoid any reference to Tolstoi as an Anarchist. It is quite true that Tolstoi has been foremost on the list of "dynamic and formative teachers in the intellectual life of the Nineteenth Century," and "that he could interpret quite literally the mysticism of Jesus Christ and apply it to the life of a working world."

There is nothing astonishing in this, seeing that the real Jesus Christ (not the Christ of the Gospels, or of the modern theologians) was the Founder of Christian Anarchism, of which school Tolstoi is to-day the Chief Apostle.

It is indeed one of life's little ironies that Tolstoi, the Russian Anarchist, should at the age of 82 receive the Nobel Peace Prize.

We are accustomed in Sydney to always hear of Anarchists as in some way connected with bomb-throwing; but this is largely the fault of the cable "rechauffeurs" of the morning dailies, who seem to take their cue from the continental police and the Jesuits, the latter of whom devote considerable time and attention, and spare no expense in influencing press associations.

As a matter of fact, as may be read in McCabe's "Martyrdom of Ferrer," the bomb-throwers and dynamitards of Spain during the past decade have, with one exception, not been Anarchists at all, but have been the agents of the Church and Government.

Naturally, Anarchists resent tyranny and injustice just as much as any one else, and when, as in Spain under priestly domination, they were subjected to cruel and barbarous tortures, who can blame them if—after all lawful means failed them—they resorted to the wild justice of revenge?

Under normal conditions, the Anarchist is naturally a lover of peace and good order.

The most famous of British Anarchists is the well-known journalist and author, John Morrison Davidson, assistant-editor of the 8th Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Like Tolstoi he is a Christian Anarchist.

Another famous British Anarchist was William Morris, author, poet, and artist. In his novel, "News from Nowhere," a counterblast to Bellamy's "Looking Backward," he pictured the Utopia of his dreams. He died Oct. 3, 1896, and in the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Mackenzie Bell wrote of him: "In Wm. Morris we have lost a poet of supreme excellence; an artist and designer of exquisite skill; a master of English prose whose style is rare in its delicacy, rich in its beauty; a scholar who had more learning than many whose sole claim to celebrity arises from this source; an ever-active worker whom all who understood him admit to have had pure, lofty aims and ennobling purposes."

Prince Kropotkin, another Russian Anarchist, also a regular contributor to the leading British, Continental, and American magazines, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is a well-known and highly respected member of London Society, and lives quietly in a modest cottage at Bromley, London.

Of well-known French Anarchists one need only mention the names of Elisee Reclus, the famous geographer, and Alfred Naquet, Ancien Sénateur de France; and of Italian Anarchists, Enrico Malatesta (than whom none are held in higher esteem by their fellow-countrymen), to show that the true Anarchist differs somewhat from the bogey invented by the penny-a-liner who is free to misrepresent, malign, and abuse a man who will not defend himself by the only method which such libellers could appreciate or understand.

Propaganda Fixtures.

DOMAIN—Hirst (chair), Walsh, Wilson, Rutherford.
MARTIN PLACE—Hirst (chair), Rutherford, Feldhusen.
GOULBURN STREET—Harris (chair), Shade, Wilson.
The Evening Meetings will commence at 7.

The Industrial War in S.A.

BY H.S.C.

THE girls concerned in the dispute with Goode, Durrant and Co. are still on strike, and have up to the present time shown a splendid spirit of solidarity. There has been no weakness displayed in the ranks, and the girls appear as determined as when they first struck to force the wealthy firm to re-instate the employee who was victimised.

The strike of the ironworkers at Gawler still continues, but the outlook at present does not appear too promising, as there is a possibility of the struggle being one of long duration on defensive lines, and financial help is not coming forward too freely.

The U.L.U. is once more in the throes of an industrial dispute. On Friday last some of the men who were working in water filling trucks sent for the U.L.U. organiser, and instructed him to ask the contractor for 9s per day. The organiser interviewed Cousten, the contractor, who admitted that the men were entitled to the 9s, and stated that he was of the opinion that the Government would allow him extra, as the water was coming from Government property. The contractor promised to give a reply on the following Saturday. On Saturday, Cousten told the organiser that he intended to cut a drain through the job, and that he would pay 9s to the men on the drain, but in the meantime the men could elect two representatives to confer with the ganger to decide when they were working in wet or dry; when working in wet the men to be paid 9s. This proposal was put before the men on Monday morning, but remembering the way their comrades had been tricked by the Government at Mypolonga over the same question, the men refused this offer and stated that they wanted 9s straight out or no work. Cousten then addressed the men, but he could not shake them, and as he refused the 9s, the whole of the gang—36 in number—ceased work. At noon Mr. Cousten called at the U.L.U. office, and told the Secretary and President that if the men returned to work on Tuesday morning he would put them all on the drain, and pay them 9s a day. This offer was placed before the men on Monday night, and as it was exactly what they were asking for they accepted it. On Tuesday morning the secretary of the U.L.U. attended at the works at the invitation of the contractor to see that all was well. But when starting time came, the secretary found that, with the usual disregard for agreements and promises, Cousten had twisted. As no satisfactory settlement could be arrived at, the whole of the men employed by Cousten—140 in number—then ceased work, and they are now out for a sixpence rise all round, with a 9s minimum.

Cousten has been using the usual bluff by stating that he will shut down the job for a month or two; but if he does this it will be another black mark against the Labor Government, for the job he is doing is the new goods sheds, which are urgently needed, as the railways have been congested with goods trains for many weeks past. But I am confident that whenever Cousten starts again he will have to pay the 9s minimum, as the men working for him are old U.L.U. members, and they are very solid in their determination that there shall be no compromise and no scabbing. At a meeting of the men held on Thursday, it was decided that the executive of the U.L.U. approach the Government with a request that the U.L.U. be allowed to take over the contract at the present contract price and finish the job. The men found out the price per yard the contract worked out at, and after considering the matter in detail decided that they could carry out the contract at something approaching a decent wage with a reduction of hours.—11.11.10.

The Press Fund.

	£	s	d
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Already acknowledged	-	6	0 0
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All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgenson, secretary, Press Fund Committee, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

TEN LITTLE CRAFT UNIONS.

Ten little CRAFT UNIONS working in one mine;
One of them went on strike, then there were
NINE;
Nine little CRAFT UNIONS all digging slate;
One made a CONTRACT, then there were
EIGHT;
Eight little CRAFT UNIONS working hours
eleven;
One struck for shorter hours and then there were
SEVEN;
Seven little CRAFT UNIONS, all making
bricks;
One got BLACK-LISTED, then there were
SIX;
Six little CRAFT UNIONS trying to keep alive;
One SCABBED on all the rest, then there were
FIVE;
Five little CRAFT UNIONS working in a
store;
One wasn't recognised, then there were FOUR;
Four little CRAFT UNIONS, GOOD as they could
be;
One wasn't good enough, then there were
THREE;
Three little CRAFT UNIONS working in a
crew;
One committed mutiny, then there were TWO;
Two little CRAFT UNIONS both on the run;
One lost its treasury, and then there was ONE;
One little CRAFT UNION, fighting all alone;
The business man bought it, then there was
NONE.

—Voice of Labor.

International Notes.

United States.

The veteran Socialist standard-bearer, E. V. Debs, is rapidly recovering from his recent illness after having undergone a rather serious operation. The wound left thereby will, however, take some time to heal, and as a consequence all his dates for public speaking in the immediate future have been cancelled.

J. Stitt Wilson, Socialist candidate for Governor of California, is making his campaign tour in a special train "the famous Red Special" which carried Debs through the country in 1908.

A. M. Simons, the well-known Socialist writer and editor of the *Chicago Daily Socialist*, has resigned his position to take the editorship of a new weekly called the *Coming Nation*, which will be published at Girard, Kansas. Simons will be associated on the new venture with Charles Edward Russell, the celebrated magazine writer.

Charles H. Moyer, noted as one of the principals in the famous Moyer-Haywood case, has again been elected President of the Western Federation of Miners, at the recent convention of that body in Denver, Col.

Two new Socialist weekly papers have appeared—the *Social Democrat*, of Rochester, Pa., and the *Kansas City Socialist*, of Kansas City, Mo.

One hundred and forty-three days have elapsed since the hearing of the Warren case in the court of appeals at St. Paul. There seems to be hope, in view of the rapidity with which revolutionary ideas are sweeping over the nation, that the co-operative commonwealth may be adopted before the court moves—and that would make persecution for telling the truth unnecessary. Any way it goes, Socialism will win.—*Appeal to Reason*.

Cables report that the Socialists have more than doubled their 1908 vote, and that one Socialist (Victor Berger) has been elected to Congress.

Germany.

The Social Democratic Party has an annual income of £150,000, and approximately 30,000 persons serve it as chairmen, secretaries, treasurers, and propagandists.

During the twelve months punishments amounting to an aggregate of 86 years' imprisonment and £1,500 in fines were inflicted on party members for political offences.

During the last twelve months, 11,000 meetings were held, while 23,000,000 single sheet leaflets and 2,500,000 pamphlets were distributed for the purposes of political propaganda.

The Berlin organ of the party, the *Vorwärts*, has a circulation of 160,000 per day, and makes a profit of £6,000 per annum, which is paid into the party exchequer.

In connection with the *Vorwärts* there are two successful weekly papers, both of which have a large circulation, and in various parts of the country there are 75 other Socialist daily papers, 70 of which are producing profits.

The Socialist Singers' League has 100,000 members, and the Socialist Cyclists' League has 120,000 members.

Finland.

The extraordinary session of the Finnish Diet was opened on September 26 with speeches by the Governor-General and the Prime Minister. The projects of law to stifle Finland's autonomy, which has been worked out by the Council of Ministers, have reached the Landtag, accompanied by a letter from Senator Markow. The Speaker, however, has refused to allow the proposals of the Russian Ministry to be submitted to the Diet, and his action was upheld. A dissolution and a coup d'état are anticipated.

Russia.

The Social-Democratic organ of Lettland, *Zihua* (The Struggle), in publishing its hundredth number, gives a summary of interesting events in the Baltic Provinces. The *Zihua*, although printed in secret, has sometimes reached a circulation of 10,000 copies, which quite covered the total costs of the secret printing press (about 1,200 roubles a month). As it has lately been impossible to print the paper in Russia, it is now being published in Brussels. The secret printing of the *Zihua* has led to actions against thirty-four comrades, both men and women, who, collectively, spent fifty-three years in prison before trial. Fourteen were then sentenced to banishment to Siberia, eight to fifteen years' penal servitude. One of them, Emma Aunin, died of consumption in prison, while another, Hilda Ritter, was shot by a sentry. These things are characteristic of the path of suffering along which the *Zihua* has travelled.

Britain.

Meetings of unionists in Glamorganshire have been dispersed by Hussars.

Three hundred additional infantry were despatched to Newport and Cardiff.

Assassin Asquith sent 800 police into Glamorganshire, South Wales, to bludgeon the coal strikers, and also declared that the "Government would not hesitate to use any force necessary to suppress lawlessness and prevent and punish violence"—but not on the part of the owners.

One of the Welsh strikers has died as a result of being bludgeoned by the police.

The Welsh coal strike committee has notified the Government that bloodshed is inevitable unless the blacklegs are withdrawn.

Edinburgh *Socialist* (S.L.P.) says: "The S.F.A. is to be congratulated on the decisions of its third conference."

The Social Democratic Party has issued a manifesto which places in juxtaposition the action of the French Premier (M. Briand) in summoning reservists to suppress the railway strike, and the employment of the military by the Government in South Wales, where the miners are on strike. All trade-unionist workers are urged by the Socialists to support their own class.

Mexico.

Regeneracion, the Mexican publication which was suppressed by the arrest of its publishers and editors a few years ago, is again being published. The first number of the paper since the release of Magon and his comrades from jail was issued on September 3.

The leading editorial of the new *Regeneracion* says, in part:—

"Here we are again in the field. Three years of forced labor in the penitentiary have but tempered our character like a blade of steel. Pain but burnishes the hearts of the strong. The lash whips us into rebellion, not into submission."

"Hardly released from confinement, we uphold again the revolutionary torch, and our voice sounds again the battle-cry. Away with the old! Let the new be born!"

"The reappearance of the paper was barely announced before the brawny arms of toilers started to furnish the sinews of war. The workers more than any others bear an interest in the life of the old champion of liberty."

"Those in power recall with horror the strength, the implacable determination with which we let fall the last on their backs—Diaz, Corral, Creel and Limantour, Reyes and Olegario Molina, and a thousand others whom we exposed in their nakedness."

"It would be insane to answer with the law the supreme and immune disrespect of the law. It would be absurd to reach for the penal code to get effective defence from the aggression of the dagger of the violator of all codes. They use the lex talionis. We shall retaliate."

"And now to work. Let cowards stand aside! We tell the Mexican people the day of their liberation is at hand. The spirit of the revolution is the heaven at work. From lip to lip the word will sound the beginning of the catastrophe."

Anselmo L. Figueroa is the publisher of the new paper, and with him are associated as writers Ricardo Flores, Magnon and Antonio I. Villareal, who served three years in prison for alleged conspiracy against Diaz; Lazaro Gutierrez de Lara, Enrique Flores Magon and Praxedes G. Guerrero.

France.

The Chamber of Deputies has voted confidence in reconstructed Fisher-like Ministry by 296 to 200. Briand declared that strikes were to be forbidden, and said that "in the event of a strike of the public and kindred services endangering national life, the Government MUST SUMMON THE MEN TO THE COLORS."

Belgium.

At the opening of the Belgian Parliament, Socialists greeted the royalties with shouts of "Dissolution," and "Vive Universal Suffrage!"

Books, Magazines, and Papers.

"The Adventures of Smiling Sam" is a book of some 150 pages, by Dick Thorpe ("The Barman"). It consists of eleven short stories, most of which originally appeared in *Hobart Clipper*. Neatly produced, "Smiling Sam" is a book you can get a good laugh out of. It is written to some extent after the style of Steele Rudd's "On our Selection" series, and some of the ludicrous situations in which Sam figures are extremely interesting. The search for the bees' nest that didn't exist, in the course of which Sam leads a credulous group of soft-heads by devious ways through the relentless Tasmanian bush, is highly suggestive of Jim McGowen and William Arthur Holman leading the N.S.W. workers over the stony hills of Opportunism, through the scrub and tangle of capitalistic Parliamentaryism, by the stagnant waters of class-dominated Arbitration, in search of a political mare's nest. "The Adventures of Smiling Sam" is published by the *Hobart Trustees*, Sydney and Melbourne. The price is one shilling.

The British *Social Democrat* (September) contains: "The European War Cloud," by H. Quelch; "A visit to Buenos Ayres Penitentiary," by Manuel M. Teodoro; "Mallock v. Marx," by H. W. Hobart; "The Budget of the German Workman," from *Die Neue Zeit*; "The Struggle for Universal Suffrage in Prussia," by Edmund Fischer; and other interesting matter.

Wither's for September contains special articles: "Can Capitalism Come Back," by the editor; "The Railroads for the Railroad Men," by Odon Por; "Two Notable Books," a review by Upton Sinclair; "On the Road to Copenhagen," by Thomas J. Mooney; and editorials on Industrial Unionism in Italy, the Passing of Bryan, A Triumph for the Boycott, etc.

The *Booklover* (Melbourne) for November—an interesting number—announces a new book by Joseph McCabe: "The Evolution of Mind," and says the book will be interesting on account of Mr. McCabe's view of the momentous influence of geological changes in the appearance of higher types of mind.

From the publishers, Astriter Agency, Melbourne, we have received "The Australasian Flag," a new song written and composed by John Libby. The song words depict Aurora rising from the mist, while bugle notes ring to tell that Australia has arrived, and a swift lark sings to the rising sun; also the golden hills reverberate, and infantry tramp, and the serried ranks salute the spangled bunting that "waves from sea to sea." Likewise, it is declared that the same old bit of flag is to fly for countless years, and there are a lot of wild words flung recklessly together about the "shades of virile liberty" (shades of Wade and his leg-irons!), and gleams of creative wisdom, and the stars of Destiny, and the "palladium of light, of freedom, and humanity—the buttress of might," and the glory (did the author mean glory?) Flag of the Commonwealth "that waves o'er freedom's shrine," and a lot of other unintelligible things. This writer is strongly inclined to think that John Libby waves his flag and pulls the leg of jingo Australia at the same time. The music is good, swinging march-time, and one can't help feeling sorry that a combination of sweet sounds admirably arranged should be brought into application with the unrighteous drive of the words of the song.

"Poems," by W.R.W., is a neat little booklet, in which the author offers "a new reading of the fables of the Garden of Eden and the Tower of Babel." Here and there, one strikes genius flashes in W.R.W.'s verses; for instance, the concluding verse of "Babel":

Looking downward, harking back,
On the blood-bemazoned track,
With the guides who lead astray,
Thus the word goes on its way:
While the light of Eden gleams
In the distance of our dreams.

Adam, Eve, Babel's Tower, Moses, Samson, Job, are themes dealt with. The author tells how

Eve, who a blood was wine of life—
Shed the rose and thorn of strife,
Tasted first the tempting fruit,
Rising high above the brute—
Soaring with the Gods on high
In an azure-tinted sky

of knowledge, and how Adam (man), following where Eve (woman) led, assumed prophetic powers, till the gods set a curse upon his path, and "then in wisdom there was grief." W.R.W.'s "Poems" are worth reading. Price, 1s. Publisher: Mark West 369a Pitt-street, Sydney.

Sydney Labor Council has issued a circular calling upon all unions to affiliate with the middle-class Labor Party which says Stokes was rightly jailed by Wade and refuses to release him. The Labor Council's siren song spells the further political prostitution of Industrial Labor.

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"THE INTERNATIONAL."

Stand up! ye wretched ones who labor,
Stand up! ye galley slaves of want
Man's reason thunders from its crater,
'Tis th' eruption naught can daunt.
Of the past let us cleanse the stables,
Mass enslaved, fling back the call,
Old Earth is changing her foundation,
We have nothing, now be all.

(Chorus):

'Tis the last call to battle,
Close the ranks, each in place,
The staunch old International
Shall be the human race.

There are no saviors e'er will help us,
Nor God, nor Caesar, nor Tribune;
'Tis ours, O workers, must the blows be
That shall win the common blow.
From the thief to wring his stolen booty,
From its prison to free the soul,
'Tis we ourselves must ply the bellows,
'Tis we must beat the anvils' roll.

The state is false, the law a mockery,
And exploitation bows us down;
The rich man flaunts without a duty,
And the poor man's rights are none.
Long enough have we in swaddlings languished,
Lo, Equality's new law:
'Away with rights that know no duties,
Away with duties shorn of rights.'

All hideouts in their brutal lordship,
Stand king of mill and mine and rail,
When have they e'er performed a service,
Or at work done ought but quail?
In the coffers of these robber barons,
Blind the world's great wealth is thrown,
In summing them to restitution,
The people seek but what's their own.

Toilers from shop and field united,
The Party we of all who work;
The earth belongs to those who labor,
Hence! the idler and the shirk!
Say, how many on our flesh have feasted?
But if all this vampire flight
Should vanish from the sky some morning,
The sun will still shine on as bright!

The kings, they smother us in gun-smoke,
Oh, peace between us, war to them!
The Strike! Apply it to the armies,
Fire in air, break ranks again!
And if still these cannibals and tyrants
Would of us make "heroes" erst,
Soon shall they learn that our own generals,
Will taste our rifle fire the first!

Jones's Boy.

BY SPOKESHAVE.

III.

"What place is this, pa?"
"This, my child, is a brickyard."
"Whose brickyard is it, pa?"
"Oh, it belongs to me, my child."
"Do those big piles of bricks belong to you, pa?"
"Yes."
"Do those dirty men belong to you, too, pa?"
"No, there is no slavery in this country; those are free men."
"What makes them work so hard, pa?"
"They are working for a living."
"Why do they work for a living?"
"Because they are poor and are obliged to work."
"How is it they are so poor when they work so hard, pa?"
"I don't know."
"Don't somebody steal from them what they earn, pa?"
"No, my child. What makes you ask such ridiculous questions?"
"I thought perhaps some of that dirty clay got in their eyes and blinded them. But, pa, don't the bricks belong to them after they have made them?"
"No, they belong to me, my son."
"What are bricks made of, pa?"
"Clay, my son."
"What? That dirt I see down there?"
"Yes, nothing else."
"Who does the dirt belong to, pa?"
"It belongs to me."
"Did you make the dirt, pa?"
"No, my child. God made it."
"Did he make it for you specially?"
"No, I bought it."
"Bought it of God, pa?"
"No, I bought it like I buy anything else."
"Did the man you bought it of buy it of God?"
"I don't know, my son; ask me something easy."
"Anyway, it's a good thing you've got the land, isn't it, pa?"
"Why, my son?"
"Because you'd have to make bricks for a living, like those horrid men. Shall I have to work for a living when I'm a man, pa?"
"No, my boy. I'll leave the land to you, when I die."
"Don't people turn into clay when they're dead, pa?"
"What remains of them is clay."
"When are you going to die, pa?"
"I don't know. Why do you ask, my son?"
"Nothing. Only I was thinking what a hard old brick your clay would make."

A Dream.

BY KALENDARMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY O. W. JORGENSEN.

IN the year 3000 a lecturer told the following story to his audience, congregated in the public meeting hall:

"For a long, long time, before humanity had become enlightened, everyone felt concerned only about their own little selves. At that far away time this country did not present the same exuberant picture of fruitfulness and superabundance as we are enjoying to-day; but great stretches of barren and unused country were everywhere in evidence. All over the country could be seen smoking factories, in many places so thickly placed that on account of the heavy smoke continual night almost seemed to exist. People were so used to this state of affairs, that they stupidly believed it to be unalterable. They hardly knew the value of a clear sun or of the delights provided so lavishly by prolific Nature."

"To such an extent had the smoke and dirt of the factories permeated their system, that they felt quite contented in these filthy and unhealthy environments."

"There were some few of the people, though, who realised the beauty of this earth, and who were well aware of the joys and contentment to be derived by such knowledge and the ability to apply it, and they enjoyed an almost continual holiday; but they were afraid to impart their knowledge to their fellow human beings, lest they should curtail their opportunities for a selfish life of continuous idleness, and force them to take their share of the dirty and heavy work in the factories. Of course, the life led by these idle few was to their liking, and they did not at all feel concerned over the fact that it was only made possible by condemning the mass of humanity to a life-long round of misery, want, and degradation, which in many cases made them welcome death as their only relief."

"The workers in the large towns and factory districts continued their labors from early morning till late at night in the warehouses and factories. They were allowed a short break in their work for the purpose of eating their dinner. In many cases this hardly gave them sufficient time to swallow their simple food, of which they often did not have enough to satisfy their appetites. The factories were so built that they mostly had to be lit artificially, and were enclosed in such a way that nothing from the outside could attract the attention of the workers and cause them to interrupt their labors. In these places all the workers produced were taken possession of by the owner of the factory. The worker only got sufficient for his heavy labor to enable him to pay for food, clothes, and housing; all the balance went into the pockets of the factory owner, enabling him to live on the very best and enjoy to the full all the good things that a bounteous nature and healthy well-cared-for life can offer."

"Others of the workers, the miners, in many places hardly ever saw the sun. Often they descended the mines to win coal, iron, or other minerals before the sun had risen in the morning, and did not again emerge until the sun had disappeared beneath the western horizon. Everywhere the owners of the factories and the mines lived in comfortable houses—often in palaces, in the healthiest parts it was possible to pick, while the workers had to content themselves with crowding together under dirty and unhealthy conditions, in many cases having to travel miles before they reached the hovels they were allowed to call their houses. And so they went day after day their whole life long. The worker of that day did not live at all as the worker to-day. It was only when he lost his employment that he had any leisure. But when he was out of work, he had nothing to eat, and he was therefore prevented even during this time of liberty from enjoying himself. He lost all feeling for the beauties of the world, and work and sleep filled in his whole existence; it was the standing theme of his conversation; it became the main object of his thoughts until death at last released him."

"Among the multitude of workers there gradually arose a few who believed it possible that this state of things could be altered. But they were laughed at by the others, and their own friends called them dreamers. When these few pointed towards the future, when Humanity again would enjoy the

beauties of this world and lead sane, natural lives, they were mostly called fools for their trouble, while some said they purposely stirred up enmity, and that what they proposed was impossible."

"In the meantime, things became continually worse. The masses of the people grew poorer and poorer, and it seemed as if the workers were becoming gradually mere machines for the purpose of producing wealth that others might squander it; but they persistently refused to listen to the Apostles of the New Idea. The masses would not admit that the few they had belittled and laughed at were correct, although it once in a while dawned on their dull intelligence that things could not continue as they were, and that really no other way out seemed possible."

"The despair of the struggle grew still more intense, and it appeared to many as if the world was coming to an end. Everywhere strife and misery were in evidence."

"The greater part of the people seemed to have lost their reasoning faculty, judged by the many foolish remedies proposed. Only the few who had pointed out the consequences of the existing state of affairs, appear to have known what to do. Disorder became general, and the masses disregarded the laws that the ruling class had imposed on them—to keep them in order, as they called it. The people, blind, mad, brutalised and degraded through centuries of exploitation, fell like wild beasts on their exploiters and false teachers, who had time after time told them that theirs was the very best form of society they could hope for in this life. It was a terrible time. The night which had descended on Humanity became intense in its darkness."

"Then suddenly a faint streak of light on the horizon heralded the near approach of day, and soon the sun arose in all its splendor. Its light spread over the hills and valleys, penetrating everywhere. It shone on fruitful fields, and on a happy, contented humanity living in peace. The name of this sun has been called Socialism."

After the lecturer had finished, a youth, who had been listening to the story, stepped forward, and asked:

"Did you not state that the majority of the people consisted of the workers?"

"Just so," came the answer.

"Why did they, then, allow the few to have all the good things in this life and keep nothing for themselves but the misery and the dirt? Were the people so foolish and so thoughtless that they wore themselves out for others, and had nothing for themselves?"

"I have already stated," answered the lecturer, "that my story took place before humanity became enlightened. A sane people would, of course, not have made such a muddle of things."

A Column of Clippings.

THE capitalist who skins the workers to a frazzle gets elected to office.—New Castle Free Press.

While capitalist government exists, robbery of the people shall not, must not, and will not perish from the earth.

Is it Socialism or decency to let up when you find that the soft thing you've been standing on is your neighbor's bare foot?

The idea that all products of labor would be turned into common crib and everybody invited to help himself as he saw fit is, to say the least, Utopian; it is not Socialism.

The present commercial system is the dirt road to hell.

When you earn more than you get you are paying graft to hold your job.

All men are fools at times and most of them at election times.

No matter what others may say of you, be true to yourself.—DEBS.

Anybody can be nobody, but it takes a man to be somebody.—DEBS.

The time is coming when we will have a land without a master, a land without a slave.—DEBS.

One marriage out of every twelve was a failure in the United States in 1908. This is marriage under Capitalism.

When the devil wants to sow a crop of lies he employs a politician.

"The foolish and the dead never change their opinion."—LOWELL.

It costs millions of dollars to support those twin murderers, the army and navy. Our delegates have returned from the peace conference at Hague and are recommending the building of more battleships.—DEBS.

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